

# SATURDAY NIGHT

CHRISTMAS LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAROLD F. SUTTON, EDITOR

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 5, 1936

## Literary England

BY B. K. SANDWELL

"Swinerton: An Autobiography", by Frank Swinnerton. Toronto, Doubleday, Doran. \$3.00.

IN ONE somewhat essential respect Frank Swinnerton must be the most gentlemanly literary personage in the English speaking world. He has met—he could not indeed avoid meeting—practically all the other literary personages of his day; but he has never developed the acquaintance of any of them except when a definite congeniality seemed to operate as an impelling force upon both sides. About 1911 he met Arnold Bennett for the first time, but no such concurrent impulse developed. In the summer of 1914, however, after the publication of Swinnerton's rather damaging critical study of Stevenson, Bennett showed that his interest was being awakened. He invited Swinnerton for a short cruise on his yacht, the Velsa. The guest's cabin adjoined that of the host, and as Swinnerton dropped off to sleep he heard Bennett call: "Do you know what I'm reading?" The book proved to be "Justice of the Peace" by Frederick Niven, then still in Glasgow, but now for many years past the most accomplished novelist resident in Canada, and a frequent contributor to the columns of SATURDAY NIGHT. Bennett went on: "I . . . read a review of it in 'The New Weekly' by a man who seemed to know what he was talking about. Have you read it, I say?" "Yes", said Swinnerton, "I wrote that review." And from that hour the intimacy was complete.

It is rare to find 350 pages of reminiscences by a literary man, in which the personality of the writer himself is never for one single line unduly obtruded; in which indeed the writer seems throughout to be no more than a sort of agent or representative of the reader, admitting him by proxy to the very scenes which are recorded. Mr. Swinnerton is never interested in any of these episodes because of the part which he himself played in them. He is interested in them because he knows that the observations which he was able to make, and which he has stored in his memory with extraordinary fidelity, of the character and temperaments of the eminent or picturesque individuals with whom he associated must be of great interest to his readers. This attitude enables him to impart a very living, human quality to all the personages in his sketches. Some of them were personally known to the present reviewer, notably one to whom Mr. Swinnerton devotes the most devastating chapter of his entire book. This is Joseph Mallaby Dent, founder of J. M. Dent and Sons Limited, a frequent visitor to Canada after the establishment of the Canadian branch of that company, and for many years a leader in the business of providing the new educated public with cheap and typographically attractive reprints of standard literary works. Swinnerton was still a boy when he entered the employ of this richly Dickensian character, and records that Mr. Dent was "the only person of whom I have ever been really afraid." Yet so cleverly and so justly does he draw the portrait of this nerve-racking old gentleman and of the atmosphere of the organization over which he presided, that the reader is able to understand, to pardon, and even perhaps to admire, the most amazing and ruthless

(Continued on Page 9)



An illustration from "Ten Saints". (See Christmas Books for Children.)

## Bible as Literature

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

"The Bible Designed to be Read as Living Literature", ed. by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Toronto, Musson. \$4.

THE main interest of the designers of this volume was undoubtedly typographical, and they have attained the chief objective of all typographical art, namely, a highly pleasant and readable page, or "opening" of two pages regarded as a single unit. There are, however, other elements in the making of a thoroughly successful book, one of the most important of which is weight; and a substantially bound volume of 1,240 pages of the full size of the standard biography or travel book is unfortunately too heavy to be comfortably held in the hand. Considering that the whole object of this volume is to lure people into the reading of the greater passages of the Bible for the sake of the poetic and philosophic satisfactions that are to be derived from them, this seems to be a serious mistake. A typeface one-third smaller in both measurements would have reduced the size of the page by one-half with very little diminution of readability, and would have resulted in a much more manageable book.

Apart from the typography the essential features of this book are the complete elimination of all chapter and verse indications, the introduction of modern paragraphing, the printing of verse as verse, the use of modern punctuation and quotation marks, and

the omission of a large quantity of repetitious, non-literary or purely scholarly matter; the omissions are partially offset by the inclusion of many of the more splendid passages of the Apocrypha.

No one, we think, without a fairly extended examination of this volume could form any idea of the extent to which the typographical arrangement of the ordinary Bible interferes with the apprehension of it as pure literature. Hitherto the effects of this interference have been minimized by the fact that to the great majority of us the Bible was first conveyed by the process of oral delivery in the course of public worship, in which the chapter and verse distinctions were pretty much ignored, although other obstacles to comprehension were frequently set up by the bad habits of the reader. But a large part of the present rising generation does not go to church sufficiently to acquire by this means a knowledge of more than about one hundredth part of the entire Bible, and improvements in the method of presentation of the Biblical narrative to the eye are urgently desirable. Much of the inspiration for this particular effort was evidently derived from the brilliant essay, "On Reading The Bible," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; and one imagines that he would heartily have applauded the labors of Mr. Bates, the present editor. There has been very little editing, except in the matter of type arrangement and punctuation.

(Continued on Page 4)

## Lord Palmerston

BY FRANK UNDERHILL

"Lord Palmerston", by Herbert C. F. Bell. Toronto, Longmans, Green. 2 volumes, pp. xvi plus 500, ix plus 499. \$10.00.

LORD PALMERSTON was born in 1784, before the French Revolution, and he lived to see the rise of Bismarckian Germany. He was already a minister five years before the downfall of Napoleon, and for all but ten years of the period between that time and his death in 1865 he was in office in some department or another. Naturally it takes two volumes to cover such a career, especially when the biographer bases his work upon the study of an appallingly long list of published books about the politics of the first half of the nineteenth century and upon a great mass of unpublished manuscripts in the Public Record Office and in the archives of the great English political families. Professor Bell has not allowed his learning to make him dull—perhaps it is impossible to be dull when writing about Palmerston—and his two volumes are very readable throughout. It should be said that they trace the history of the period with much more detail than is likely to attract the casual reader; but to anyone who has a real interest in English politics and in the diplomatic history of nineteenth-century Europe these pages furnish a succession of delights.

It happens that Mr. Philip Guedalla wrote a book about Palmerston a few years ago. This work by an American professor inevitably challenges comparison with the work of the leading English expert in Victorian political history. Unfortunately Mr. Guedalla, when he writes biography, is much more interested in exploiting the personality of Philip Guedalla than in explaining that of his subject; and after one has read one of his brilliant books one always longs for some more simple and pedestrian scholar who will devote himself to telling us exactly what happened instead of dazzling us with a mass of glittering tinsel. Professor Bell's biography performs this function admirably. He tells the story from the point of view of Palmerston himself, and by constant quotations from Palmerston's letters and despatches he lets us see the unfolding of events in Europe as they appeared at the moment to Palmerston. This is surely how biography should be written.

Mr. Guedalla also had a particular theory to expound when he wrote his life of Palmerston. He wanted to show him as a belated and incongruous survivor from the eighteenth century lasting on down into the respectability of the Victorian period. With such a theme one can achieve some brilliant colored effects, and Mr. Guedalla made the best of his opportunities. But the fact is that in all his essential actions and policies Palmerston was a typical representative of the early nineteenth century. It was not an eighteenth century statesman who devoted all his life to clearing the slave trade from the seaways of the world, who became a free trader before Peel or Gladstone or the Manchester men, who used the power of England to support Liberal constitutional governments and nationalist movements all over Europe (combining therewith, as only a Victorian moralist could have done, the advancement of English material in-

(Continued on Page 14)

## The World To-Day

BY B. K. SANDWELL

"The Faith of an Englishman," by Sir Edward Grigg, D.S.O., M.C., M.P. Toronto, Macmillan, \$3.50.

THERE is a sentence on page 94 of this volume which ought to be written out one hundred times by every Canadian who attaches the slightest significance to the idea of the Empire, to the idea of the Commonwealth of Nations, or even to the idea of the Crown as the symbolic core of the political structure of the Dominion itself. It is a short sentence, but is compact with meaning, "England cannot pursue a foreign policy with conviction or success which the other great nations of her own family are not prepared to endorse."

The great question to which this book addresses itself is also stated on the same page. It is this: "For What Should Britain Engage Herself to Fight?" And it is an obvious deduction from the sentence first quoted, that Britain should not engage herself to fight for any cause for which the other nations of her own family are not prepared to fight also. Those who maintain that Canada should never be prepared to fight must obviously throw the book away without reading further than this page. Those who maintain that Canada should never be prepared to fight for anything except the actual defence of her own threatened territory may equally read no further. Those who feel that there are causes in the world, quite external to Canada, which should be able to command the support of this Dominion even to the extent of the exercise of force outside of North America can hardly avoid the obligation to read Sir Edward Grigg's discussion of what these causes should be. For this volume is one of the wisest and most richly informed examinations of the present state of the world that are today available, and there are not enough such volumes for anybody to say that he has not time to read them, seeing that the present state of the world is radically new, radically different from what it was twelve months ago, and compelling in its demand for a radical revision of the views regarding foreign policy entertained by all the nations of the British family.

For the best part of sixteen years, until a year or so ago, Canadians and British alike had been proceeding upon the easy and not very adequate assumption that the causes for which either of them would be prepared to fight were the causes of the League of Nations and of nothing else; and Canada was very careful to make it plain that she would decide for herself whether she was called upon to fight for a League of Nations cause or not. This assumption has ceased to have any value, and Sir Edward Grigg's object is to find out what other assumptions can now be regarded as basic to a foreign policy which not only Great Britain but other nations of the British family are prepared to endorse.

He dismisses isolation, the abstention of Great Britain from all commitments with other nations—as impossible and ruinous. He dismisses equally the unlimited liability involved in such commitments, if seriously accepted, as those of Article X of the Covenant of the League. He is in favor of limited liability, and the limitations of that liability must, he feels, be determined largely by the character of the policy of the one great and powerful state which frankly and obviously threatens the peace of the world—Germany.

His criticism of internationalism is exceptionally brilliant. "The League of Nations has not yet changed men's hearts. When it does it will have a song of its own that stirs men's blood. In 1936 it is still only *Deutschland ueber Alles, or Germany first, or The Red Flag, or the Marschall, or our own National Anthem* that will set men marching." And again: "I am under no constitutional obligation whatever to any foreign people, because I have no right or voice in making their governments or shaping their policies."

(Continued on Page 9)



A. E. HOUSMAN

From "Portrait Drawings of William Rothenstein".

## The Poet and The Man

BY L. A. MACKAY

"More Poems", by A. E. Housman; edited with a portrait and preface by Laurence Housman, Toronto, Nelson, \$1.50.

"A. E. Housman", a sketch, by A. S. F. Gow, Toronto, Macmillan, \$2.50.

THE last slender gleanings of A. E. Housman's verse, published "by his permission, not by his wish", has been awaited with considerable interest by lovers of poetry. It will not prove a disappointment to discriminating readers; for though it neither enhances nor diminishes, nor indeed in any way alters his reputation as a poet, it must increase our admiration for his judgment as a critic of his own verse. The terms of the will "permitted, but did not enjoin" the publication of any poems that appeared "to be completed and to be not inferior to the average of the published poems," and the task of selection has been well done by the poet's brother, Laurence Housman. A good third of the verses are fit to rank with all but the very best, and the remainder are not inferior to the less satisfactory of the earlier work.

The first thing that must interest any discreet lover of Housman is the question why most or all of these poems were excluded from the earlier work; for in the circumstances it is difficult to look simply at the poems themselves without first finding some answer to this question. It is seldom difficult to find an answer, Housman brought to the judgment of his own verse the same austere passion for the utmost attainable excellence that showed in his scholarship and the same sense of limit. This volume contains many memorable lines and well-framed stanzas; but at times the inspiration seems to flag, the tension suddenly slackens, and the unity is lost. Strains and contortions of syntax such as in the earlier work pass unnoticed because the line so well expresses its feeling, stand out here with a sense of obscure effort, while even the poems in which it is hard to find a flaw often recall another poem in which much the same thing is said just a little better.

Yet even the inferior work of a poet

like Housman has a precious quality of distinction. His themes are indeed limited in number; but love and death are not matters of small concern to mortals. The range of his instrument is narrow; it is only the simplest lyric forms and the shortest lines that he can handle with any confidence; yet what sureness of touch, what delicate variety of tone he can show in this narrow compass!

As a rule, Housman makes his first impact on the youth when he begins to learn or suspect that the world and life may prove too big a job for him to manage with any assurance. To the perpetual children who never learn or suspect this, or the sanguine, energetic characters who loftily dismiss the idea, he makes little appeal. Yet there remain many men who find a genuine solace in this bitter, melodious resignation that works out its poison in expressing its irreconcilable resentment. If it is a pose, this ironic and dignified attitude, it is a better pose to assume, one more consonant with human dignity, than either insensibility or frantic rebellion. After all, the poems are offered not as a food of the soul, but as a medicine; and there is a tonic quality to these astringent verses, with their curiously smooth, uncompromising blend of the homely and the artificial, which can only be described in such paradoxical terms as "luscious austerity."

When literary criticism reaches the point of paradox, it is well to abandon the critic and return to the poet. But Housman was a paradox even as a man, and Mr. Gow, in what makes no claim to be a comprehensive biography, sketches the shadowy outline which is all that remains after long acquaintance with a man who idolized friendship, and repelled all intimacy, who desired fame and rejected its attendant honors, who lavished unmeasured toil and unremitting attention on authors in whom he was not particularly interested. The book concludes with a valuable index of Housman's scholarly work in various periodicals, whose collection and republication in book form the author expressly forbade.

## The Human Race

BY GEORGE MCCrackEN

"We Europeans," by Julian S. Huxley and A. C. Haddon, Toronto, Nelson, \$2.75.

IT WOULD be difficult to find a healthier indication than "We Europeans" that honest science is about to rise out of its own depression. Possibly aghast at the behavior of the economic and political monsters, which if they did not create they at least made possible, the scientific Frankenstein seems to have been acting as men paralyzed by astonishment and fear. Few even of those German scientists who were so directly affected that they had to flee their country have been goaded into action. But if "We Europeans" can be taken as the beginning of a trend, the scientists are now setting down to their obvious duty of trying to tame the monsters.

Dr. Huxley and Dr. Haddon, the soundness of whose science none can question, have been the matchmakers in the extremely mixed marriage of excellent science and magnificent counter-propaganda; the wedding has been carried through with a genuinely journalistic ring, something that few reputable scientists who attempt to write for the lay reader can provide. Their book is probably the best elementary text on ethnology that has so far been published and no academic library can be complete without it; at the same time it is the most devastating attack on nationalistic "racial superiority" theories (with special emphasis against the Aryan myth) that has been made. It will probably displease those scientists who remain in the tradition that it is neither the duty nor the concern of science to relate and apply its data to the contemporary world, to the economic and political problems of the day, to the controversies which are the most intense, if only temporary, expressions of human life actually in the process of being lived. But it will be received with satisfaction by those scientists who are commencing to realize that their fraternity must undertake some degree of popular leadership in a world whose inhabitants are tremendously science-conscious and appealingly science-ignorant, and hence the prey of all manner of pseudo-scientific belief and prejudice.

In their preface they state: "The purpose of this book is to bring together the chief scientific facts now available on the subject of 'race' in man—in other words, the genetic differences between human groups—and to present them in the light of established scientific principles. Especial attention has been given to Europe." They have succeeded so admirably and their data is so much more up-to-date than those of any other available book on the same general subject that "We Europeans" is almost compulsory reading for any worker in the biological sciences who is not already a specialist in the anthropological and ethnical branches of these sciences. And they

(Continued on Page 7)



JULIAN HUXLEY



# The Best of Roberts

BY PELHAM EDGAR

"Selected Poems of Sir Charles G. D. Roberts." Toronto, Ryerson, \$2.

IT IS an impressive event when a poet who began to publish in 1880 issues to the world his own selections of the productions of fifty-six years. It is the more impressive because the last work which is represented by the "Iceberg" volume contains lyrics and descriptive narrative that match in vigor and delicacy anything that was uttered by him in what we are forced to call his deceptive prime. Indeed, the intriguing feature about the work of Sir Charles Roberts is that he marches with the years. To put the matter in Johnsonian phrase, he is flexible without subservience. What is valuable in the new modes he assimilates, what is eccentric and unintelligible he instinctively rejects. He will go down to posterity as a man sensitively aware of the established traditions of our poetry, but who is conscious also of the fact that these traditions to retain their validity must respond to the impinging forces of the newer age. It is to his credit that he has not made a complete surrender. He has never confused eccentricity with power, but he is, in appreciation, consistently generous to every genuine effort that our younger poets make to relate their art to the conditions of a changing world.

I strongly suspect that his private view assumes no radical divorce between the world of today and the world of Homer, but that he is more than willing that young people shall have their flint. So long as the fundamentals of poetry are concerned, so long as they are willing to state their meanings in terms of clarity and beauty, he is content.

His "prefatory note" should disarm suspicion. "There is," he says, "a vast change to be noted between the rigid Ovidian elegiac metre of the 'Tantramar Revisited' and the 'Pipes of Pan' (1887), with their formal alternation of hexameter and pentameter lines, and, on the other hand, the freedom of structure of 'The Iceberg,' the interstanzaic fluidity of line of 'The Squatter' (1934). I am far from claiming that the change is of necessity growth. But it is divergence and as such might, I think, be taken into account in any serious evaluation of my verse which the critic may find it worth while to make."

These are disarming words, though obviously they relate to the form rather than to the substance of our poet's work. The youngsters are still at liberty to find him old-fashioned in his point of view. They should rather be grateful to him for leaving them something new to say.

The arrangement of this volume is logical, not chronological. Of the nine volumes issued by Sir Charles, eight are out of print. "The Iceberg and Other Poems" was published in 1934 in a limited edition. It was quite fitting, therefore, that he should present it consecutively in the forefront of the "Selected Poems." Since I propose to refer in all too brief detail to poems in the remaining eleven sections I should indicate here the complete arrangement. 1. The Iceberg and Other Poems. 2. Odes. 3. Poems of Canadian Life and Landscape. 4. Poems, Philosophical and Mystical. 5. Sonnets of the Canadian Scene. 6. Patriotic Poems. 7. Miscellaneous Sonnets and Poems. 8. Ballads. 9. Epitaphs and Elegies. 10. Love Poems. 11. Quatrains and Epigrams. 12. Poems on Classical Themes.

"THE ICEBERG" is a major effort, but since I have already dealt with it in these columns I salute it in passing. To quote from it effectively would be to quote the whole. The companion lyrics move chiefly to the mood of age remembering youth. "Taormina" and "Westcock Hill" are exquisite renderings of that theme. "The Squatter" is pure Canada. As Tennyson directed that "Crossing the Bar" should stand at the close of all future collections, so should I like to see Roberts direct that "Spirit of Beauty" should be his final message.

The Odes section passes from the frankly derivative yet splendid "Ave" to "These Three Score Years" which commemorates Canada's Diamond Jubilee. It is all fine work, but the traditional pressure which the ode-form exerts prevents the poet from expressing his essential self. Oratory in this type of verse is always at war with individuality.

I should have preferred that the "Poems of Canadian Life and Landscape" should have run consecutively with the "Patriotic Poems" and "Sonnets of the Canadian Scene," for we should have had then a continuous presentation of Roberts at what many readers conceive to be his characteristic best. Canadian writers know and love their countryside. They are born nature writers, and their descriptive zest has often been imputed to them as a fault. The charge would be sustained only if the rendering of scenes was insincere, or monotonous by reiteration to the exclusion of human interest, or cheap in the scale of intellectual values. It is not well founded here. Roberts has a piercing vision for characteristic detail, his scenes constantly have a human reference, and his eye thinks. He is never cheaply photographic, going out to nature notebook in hand and demanding a subject. It is known to his friends that most of these renderings of Canadian landscape are exile poems—the treasured hoardings of his imaginative memory. His nature sonnets are memorable, and I make the difficult selection of two to indicate his graphic quality and his power of suggestion within brief compass:

## THE SOWER

A brown sad-colored hillside, where  
the soil  
Fresh from the frequent harrow,  
deep and fine,  
Lies bare; no break in the remote  
sky-line,  
Save where a flock of pigeons streams  
aloft,  
Startled from feed in some low-lying  
croft,  
Or far-off spires with yellow of sun-  
set shine;  
And here the Sower, unwittingly  
divine,  
Exerts the silent forethought of his  
toil.

Alone he treads the glebe, his  
measured stride  
Dumb in the yielding soil; and  
though small joy  
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads  
the blind  
Pale grain from his dispensing palm  
aside,  
This plodding churl grows great in  
his employ;—  
God like, he makes provision for  
mankind.

## WHERE THE CATTLE COME TO DRINK

At evening, where the cattle come to  
drink,  
Cool are the long marsh-grasses,  
dewy cool  
The alder thickets, and the shallow  
pool,  
And the brown clay about the trodden  
brink,  
The pensive afterthoughts of sundown  
sink  
Over the patient acres given to  
peace;  
The homely cries and farmstead  
noises cease,  
And the worn day relaxes, link by  
link.

A lesson that the open heart may read  
Breathes in this mild benignity of  
air,  
These dear, familiar savours of the  
soil,—

A lesson of the calm of humble creed,  
The simple dignity of common toil,  
And the plain wisdom of unspoken  
prayer.

For the remaining sections of his book a brief word must suffice. Each poem having passed the severe scrutiny of its author, there is nothing that is unworthy, much that is memorable. Among the "Epitaphs and Elegies" we renew our grave delight in the Epitaphs for a Sailor and a Husbandman. With Carman Sir

(Continued on Page 15)



G. K. CHESTERTON

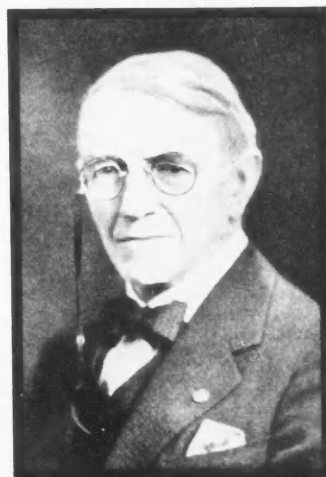
From a caricature by Low.

# Chesterton Not Dead

BY MARIE CHRISTIE

"Autobiography," by G. K. Chesterton.  
Toronto, Ryerson, 343 pages, \$3.50.

WHEN the Press announced a few weeks ago that Gilbert Keith Chesterton was dead the news was received with a good deal of simple incredulity. To thousands of the English reading world, the statement was as incongruous as a similar announcement might have been regarding, let us say, Little Jack Horner, or Charles II, persons whose legendary characters Mr. Chesterton in many ways resembled. G. K. C. indeed did very little sitting in a corner, and his impeccable private life knew no disorder, but he did put his thumb into life's pie and shout with satisfaction over his discoveries, and the lusty appreciation of living so characteristic of the Restoration was a distinct and delightful part of his equipment.



SIR CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

That he had, while still alive, become something of a legend was due largely to his own efforts. To begin with he looked legendary. That great Falstaffian figure, in the caped wrap and broad dark hat that had nothing to do with fashion but everything to do with character, might easily have stepped out of Hamelin town or from the pages of some medieval Mother Goose.

All his ideas were clothed with equal imagination. He consistently hid the violence of his opinions beneath fantastic allegories and confusing paradoxes, and would himself quite agreeably have admitted this insured for them an attention some at least might not have obtained if presented more simply. The world he fashioned was full of color and light and skylarking and wine and laughter. His visions were evoked by "That truly exalted order of angels who are correctly called High Spirits."

This is the man we are asked to believe is dead, whose Autobiography, finished just three months before the preposterous event is said to have taken place, is a book so full of life it seems only reasonable to accept, once for all the idea that in dying, if he is dead, Gilbert Keith Chesterton has merely left off this mortal to put on immortality.

"A serene review of an indefinitely fortunate and happy life" as Chesterton's own description of the book he has written about himself but it gives an unfair idea of the autobiography before us. There's more of the Chesterton we know and love in the more spontaneous speculation on an earlier page where he calls the work "The morbid and degrading task of telling the story of my life."

THIS is a story, as the author points out, not an essay. And it is a story told by a craftsman who has written many other life stories. The trivial is entirely omitted and the general particularized, the reader is

(Continued on Page 14)

## THE NATIONAL BOOK FAIR HELD AT THE KING EDWARD HOTEL, TORONTO—BEFORE AND AFTER.



# National Book Fair in Retrospect

BY JESSIE MCEWEN

A LOT has been said and written about the Book Fair. Publishers have patted each other's backs and booksellers, no doubt, have dreamed of cash registers ringing twelve hours on end, for twice as many days. Authors have smiled or grinned gleefully in anticipation of their January royalty cheques and newspaper reporters have reported crowds and brilliant addresses, but no person has ventured or thought to say a word about the book reader who came to the Fair, that is the person who on winter evenings sits at home and travels far and remotely both in time and space, in books. No person has described the light that lightened the book lover's eyes when he saw a treasured book beautifully bound, or the flush of eagerness and anticipation that came to his face when a murmur rippled through the room that an esteemed author was in his near presence. And no person, alas, has ventured to set down the quantity of book lore that drifted through the Fair, stories that the visitors told to each other or to the attendants at the exhibits. Susanah Moodie's grandson was at the fair, and he told anecdotes of his illustrious grandmother. Archibald Lampman's sister was there and she must have talked of her brother, one of Arthur Ransome's childhood friends was there and she talked quietly and interestingly of the great man.

But chief at the fair, was the person for whom the fair was held. It was not a social function for publishers, nor a feat of achievement for literary critics, nor was it a feast of talk for orators. It was a book fair, designed essentially and primarily and altogether for the book reader.

AND the book reader was there. Oh, he came timidly, I do not doubt, and hesitated a little at the entrance, dazzled by gleaming jewels and swishing satins, and made dizzy perhaps by hot heavy waves of perfume straight from Nip (I think the most luxurious comes from there). Once he was over the threshold he must have been at home; that is if his eyes were eager and intent for books. Passed the imitation ticker tape, passed the posters of personalities, passed glass and locked cabinets, passed remonstrating or chuckling publishers, passed little known authors looking hungrily for recognition, and, at last, if his heart was strong (like that of the knight of the tale) the book-reader came to his own, that is, to the books.

Then truly, he was at home. He slipped out of the jostling crowd trailing their cloaks and coat-tails along the promenade and stood before the books. His heart must have swelled with pride in himself, that he had had courage to work his way through, and swelled with pleasure at greeting his companions of last winter and winters before, and with joy as he beheld these who might be his companions in his book journeyings this winter.

During quiet hours I came on many

of these book readers (and book-lovers, for in some respects, at least, the terms are synonymous) and with some reluctance on their part, I succeeded in engaging them in conversation. Now it has been said that the fair gave evidence that the established readers came mostly from Great Britain. It is not true. The established readers were those, I am quite certain, who had had childhood reading experiences. There was for instance, a grey-haired little man who took an "Alice in Wonderland" from the shelf. He caressed it as one might a loved child and then said, "My grandfather read this to us. When he laughed we laughed, and I've read it every year since my hair got gray to make certain that I got as much fun as he did". An old woman, grown decrepit in body, but vigorously young in mind discovered a copy of "The Country Child", hidden away on a shelf and dragged it out saying to her granddaughter as she did so, "Look, my dear, I had forgotten books almost until this brought back to my mind, my own childhood, with all its fears, and fun, and books." There was a boy with a crippled foot, and another with but one leg and they told me, not together, but on different occasions, that their sport is in books. Book football is a good game to them, and they know almost as much about tennis and hockey and rugby as do the heroes themselves. (They said nothing about golf.)

Far away from the milling crowd of people looking for book 'sensations' and autographs, I came on a man and woman intent on books of travel. They were oblivious of the suffocating heat and of the people about them, as I soon was, when they told me why they were at the Fair. They live north, not within the Arctic circle quite, but near it, and every year they buy one hundred books. This winter they are having a furlough from the north, but not from books. They are now setting themselves to read and read and read—perhaps a tenth of the books they have wanted to read, but that they could not for they were not included in their "first hundred". The list they showed me would make a bookseller's eyes glow with wonder and a librarian's face flush with perplexity—her shelves were never stocked for such reading as this!

ALL during the Fair and ever since it has drifted into the past (but not into the 'limbo of forgotten things') I have wanted some observer to tell me the type of book that attracted the most attention. I am not interested in the individual books that held the limelight, for they shone and faded with the day or the speaker-author, but the type of book does rouse my curiosity. Was it Agatha Christie and Company? I doubt it. I doubt, even, that it was the book dealing with social conditions or politics, and I doubt that it was the novel that

is described either as 'smart', 'naughty', or 'enduring'. It was, I think, the book of one's childhood, or youth—the book that one re-reads, the book that has through years associated itself with the life of the reader. People did not pause, but they stayed examining with care the popular editions of Thackeray and Stevenson—and Carlyle. Next after that came books of travel. Life must be burdensome at times, even for book-readers for so many of them seek to put it behind them, and instead journey over the top of the world, or above the earth, or beneath it, anywhere, in fact, that is distantly removed from their office desk, or their salesman's case, or their kitchen bake-board. After established friends, that might be called enduring friends, and after the books that help one shake the dust of hum-drum experience from one's feet, came novels dealing with social problems, not divorce and love again merely, but books after the style of Walter Greenwood and Francis Stuart, and Louis Adamic—and, at least, a dozen others.

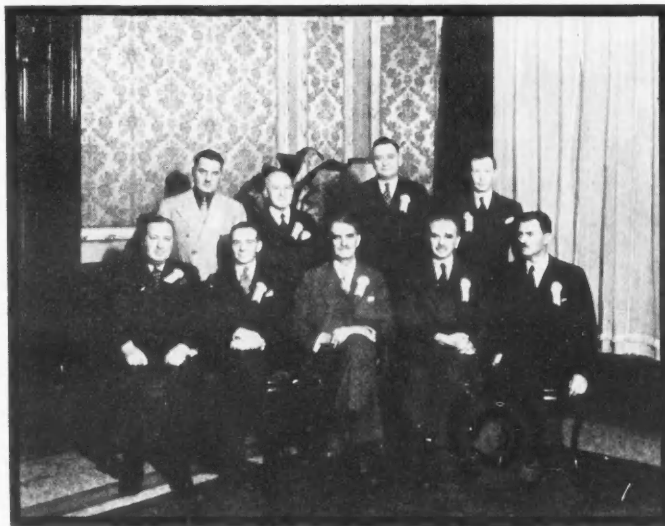
But these are one person's observations, merely, and perhaps if I had talked about books to ninety-nine persons instead of to seventy-nine, and perhaps if I had followed a hundred and five persons in their meanderings through the Fair, instead of twenty-five, I might have had a quite different opinion. Of one thing, however, I am certain, and that is, that the interest in books of superior quality is far greater, ten times far greater, than anyone thought, before the Book Fair. Book knowledge is, naturally, far greater, too, and everyone in Toronto and out of Toronto, too, must know, that the Book Fair of this year has provided an incentive for a better book fair next year.

## BIBLE AS LITERATURE

(Continued from Page 1)

tuation, and the insertion of the names of the supposed speakers in such dialogues as "The Song of Songs". There is no commentary other than a very short introduction to each "book". The modern reader will not be surprised to learn that the annotations by which the translators attempted to establish the orthodoxy of such writings as "Ecclesiastes" and "The Song of Songs" have no historical validity, and that neither of these works would ever have remained in the canon but for their erroneous ascription to King Solomon.

If this volume meets with the success that we heartily wish it, it should be followed by a smaller print edition, which will both eliminate the only objection we have been able to raise against the present edition, and also enable the publisher to place it in the hands of everybody with a serious interest in what J. G. Frazer of "The Golden Bough" has described as "The Epic of the World."



EXECUTIVE of the Association of Canadian Bookmen which sponsored the National Book Fair. Back row, left to right: Mr. S. J. Reginald Saunders, Mr. William Tyrrell, Mr. Theodore F. Pike, Mr. A. B. Cuts, Secretary. Front row: Mr. Hugh Eavrs, Mr. Chas. R. Sanderson, Dr. Pelham Edgar, President, Mr. S. B. Watson, Mr. W. A. Deacon.



# The New Books

## LITERATURE AND ESSAYS

"Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson," Toronto, Macmillan, \$5.50. The full "Journal" printed for the first time from the recently discovered original "Journal" of 1773.

"Lord Burghley in Shakespeare," by G. W. Phillips, Toronto, Nelson, \$3. The author finds that Polonius was by no means the only character in which Shakespeare depicted Lord Burghley but that this important historical figure was portrayed in several plays and in various disguises.

"The English Novelists," edited by Derek Verschoyle, Toronto, Macmillan, \$2.50. A survey of the novel, by 19 contemporary novelists including H. E. Bates, David Garnett, Grahame Greene, Rose Macaulay, Seán O'Faoláin.

"Yearbook of the Arts in Canada," edited by Bertram Brooker, Toronto, Macmillan, \$5. The cream of artistic and literary production in Canada during the past few years.

"The Works of Alexander Pushkin," Toronto, Macmillan, \$4. A centenary edition of his poems, folk tales, plays and prose, selected by Avrahm Yarmolinsky from the work of various translators.

## POETRY

"From Snow to Snow," by Robert Frost, Toronto, Oxford, 75c. Twelve poems, one for every month of the year.

"The Birth of Song," by W. H. Davies, Toronto, Nelson, \$1.50. The author's work of the past two years.

"Poems, Scots and English," by John Buchan, Toronto, Nelson, \$1.25. Revised and enlarged edition.

"Darkling Plain," by Sara Bard Field, Toronto, Macmillan, \$2. A new collection by the author of "Barabbas" (1932).

"The Cathedral and Other Poems," by Thomas Guthrie Marquis, Toronto, Musson, \$1. A memorial volume of the author's verse not hitherto collected in book form, some of it previously unpublished.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

"War Memoirs of David Lloyd George, Vol. 5," Toronto, Ryerson, \$6. The preceding four volumes carried the War to the end of 1917. This one deals with the early months of 1918.

"Marlborough, His Life and Times, Vol. 3," by the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, Toronto, Ryerson, \$7.50. The account of Marlborough and his Times carried forward to the end of the famous campaign of 1708.

"Hindenburg, the Wooden Titan," by John W. Wheeler-Bennett, Toronto, Macmillan, \$6.25. German history, 1914-34.

"Sir Philip Sidney," by C. Henry Warren, Toronto, Nelson, \$2. "The perfect pattern of the Elizabethan Age."

"John Galt," by Jennie W. Aberdein, Toronto, Oxford, \$2.50. A biography of the author of "Annals of the Parish" and the founder of Guelph, Ont.

"Captain Cook," by Vice-Admiral Gordon Campbell, Toronto, Musson, \$5. A new biography of the "circumnavigator of the globe."

"A New American History," by W. E. Woodward, Toronto, Oxford, \$4. Written in narrative, unconventional form, by the author of "George Washington," "Meet General Grant."

"Episodes of the Great War," by John Buchan, Toronto, Nelson, \$2.50. A shorter, handier version of the author's "History of the Great War."

## CURRENT EVENTS

"The Spanish Tragedy," by E. Allison Peers, Toronto, Oxford, \$2.50. Events leading up to the Civil War in Spain. The author is a well-known writer on Spain and Spanish subjects, is Professor of Spanish in the University of Liverpool.

"Reporter in Spain," by Frank Pitcairn, Toronto, Francis White, \$1. A first hand account of the Civil War in Spain.

"I Found No Peace," by Webb Miller, Toronto, Musson, \$3.50. The journal of a foreign correspondent.

"Alternative to Rearmament," by



ROSALIND WADE

Whose new novel, "Men Ask for Beauty," has just been published by Collins.

Jonathan Griffin, Toronto, Macmillan, \$1.75. A new peace and defence policy for Great Britain.

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"Socialism," by Ludwig Von Mises; translated from the German by J. Kahane, Toronto, Nelson, \$5.50. A comprehensive examination of the problems of the socialist construction of society along scientific lines. The title of the German edition is "Die Gemeinwirtschaft." The author is professor in the University of Vienna.

"The Theory and Practice of Socialism," by John Strachey, Toronto, Ryerson, \$3. "What the Working Class Movement of the world is striving for." By the author of "The Coming Struggle for Power."

## SCIENCE AND MEDICINE

"The March of Chemistry," by A. Frederick Collins, Toronto, Copp Clark, \$3. A popular survey of chemical progress in the past decade or two.

"Mathematics for the Million," by Lancelot Hogben, Toronto, Nelson, \$3.75. A brilliant, popular exposition of a usually mysterious subject. H. G. Wells says of this book: "It is a great book, a book of first class importance and . . . should be read by every youth from 15 to 90 who is trying to get the hang of things in this universe."

"The Unknown Murderer," by Theodor Reik, Toronto, Longmans, Green, \$4. The psychology of crime. A volume of the International Psycho-Analytical Library.

## FICTION

"Honourable Estate," by Vera Brittain, Toronto, Macmillan, \$2.50. A companion volume to "Testament of Youth," it covers the period 1890-1930.

"Co-Op," by Upton Sinclair, Toronto, Oxford, \$2.50. The story of a co-operative and the people who work in it.

"Novel on Yellow Paper," by Stevie Smith, Toronto, Nelson, \$2. The sub-title of this book is "Work It Out For Yourself."

"Lords and Masters," by A. G. Macdonell, Toronto, Macmillan, \$2. The world of men and women.

"Men Ask for Beauty," by Rosalind Wade, Toronto, Collins, \$2.50. A man's rise, or fall, from humble beginnings to wealth and celebrity.

"Clutch and Differential," by George Weller, Toronto, Macmillan, \$2.50. A novel of contemporary America, the America of filling-stations and penthouses, of summer camps and movie palaces, of freight-yard jungles and chain stores.

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"The Tallons," by William March, Toronto, Macmillan, \$2.50. A novel of rural Alabama, by the author of "Company K."

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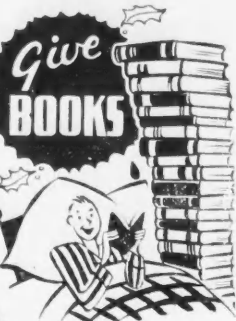
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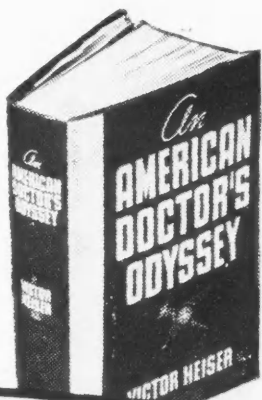
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GEORGE MOORE. A caricature by Siebert from "Vanity Fair," London, 1897.

## Room With Mirrors

BY S. M. CREIGHTON

"The Life of George Moore," by Joseph Hone. Toronto, Ryerson. 497 pages. \$4.50.

"In all Moore's stories," said Bernard Shaw, "there was a room with mirrors and chandeliers, and the story usually ended with some woman throwing a lamp at George and driving him out of the house." But nothing ever drove George Moore from the room full of mirrors which he called "Confessions of a Young Man," or "Memoirs of My Dead Life," or "Awards," or "Hail and Farewell," or "A Communication to my Friends." "Moore liked to tell the story of his life in his own way and with his own interpretations," explains his authorized biographer. In other words, he was an assiduous liar, famous in Dublin as "the man who does not kiss and tells." If Mr. Joseph Hone had had to depend upon the data in his author's frequently revised reminiscences, his task would have been almost impossible, but he knew the man himself and many of his friends and he had access to all family documents. There are letters extant covering every phase of Moore's life; Mr. Barrett Clark placed at Mr. Hone's disposal his unpublished notes on the Paris period, and Clara Warville, cook and housekeeper during the last years at Ebury Street, wrote a memoir which is included in the book to make us sigh for a similar document from Proust's Françoise. With so much information to offer on Moore's "safe education" in Paris, his association with Yeats and A. E. in Ireland, and the later years in London, Mr. Hone wisely decided not to include literary criticism, and Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor discusses "The Achievement of George Moore" in a

separate chapter. There is a short bibliography and an excellent index.

It is more surprising that Mr. Hone has refrained from comment on the personality which he reveals so richly in his biography. One would have said it was impossible not to comment on George Moore. As a boy he was illiterate from choice, but he became one of the masters of English prose and a tremendous labor for perfection lies behind the effortless rhythm of his sentences. Author of the first naturalistic novels in English—"A Munner's Wife" and "Esther Waters"—his entire interest in literature shifted and his manner changed completely in such works as "The Brook Kerith" and "Héloïse and Abélard," written after fifty. He criticized other writers vehemently, calling Thomas Hardy, "George Eliot's miscarriage," but he was almost as severe on himself and firmly refused to reprint his early "detestable books." He hated Roman Catholicism, quarreled with his favorite brother and disinherited that brother's children because of their religious beliefs and was fascinated by convents, priests, and nuns. He wrote satiric sketches of his friends and wondered why they objected. "A man can have only one conscience and mine is a literary one," to which more people than Edmund Gosse might have exploded, "Damn your internal cheek." He declared that the society of women was necessary to him. "After two days without it I begin to wilt" and concealed the truth of his relationships in a stream of anecdotes similar in tone to the comment written to his mother during his first

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**COLLINS**



stay in Paris. "For the virtue of married women I must hope that every man is not as well received as I have been." He refused to grow up in human intercourse, squabbling and sulking like a child, but he trained himself to be a most mature artist.

Perhaps one should not be surprised that Mr. Hone felt an authorized biography must state rather than interpret the facts of such a life. His book does convince the reader that its eccentric subject was a literary genius. It also proves that Mr. Charles Morgan, Mr. Humbert Wolfe, and Mr. John Freeman have not exhausted George Moore's possibilities as a subject for literary investigation.

### EXPERIMENTAL FICTION

"Fiction", a Publication of The Writers' Club, Toronto, 48 pages, 50c.

By MARY LOWERY ROSS

DURING the course of a public lecture last year in Toronto, Anthologist Edward O'Brien made some disparaging references to the type of Canadian short story published in our national magazines. The result of Mr. O'Brien's unexpected candor was the immediate organization by the Writers' Club of Toronto of a short story contest. This contest was to be a sort of dragnet of talent across Canada; particularly of the subtle and elusive talent which could so easily slip through the coarse mesh of commercial magazine editing. The Writers' Club offered no awards except the award of publication. The best of the short stories submitted were to be selected by an editorial group from the Writers' Club and published in an experimental short-story magazine.

About three hundred manuscripts were sent in, coming from all parts of Canada. I was not a member of the editorial group, but I happened to see a large number of the manuscripts submitted; and for a long time it looked very much as though Mr. O'Brien's contention was entirely justified. Then unexpectedly Joyce Marshall's poignant and sensitive little story turned up—"Come Ye Apart", a sketch of life in a convent school for girls. And after that "Drunken" by C. H. Brown, Jr., and "Between the Waves of Day" by MacCallum Bullock. These three stories, though divergent in material, treatment and quality, all showed an intensity of feeling and a willingness to experiment so rarely met in Canadian fiction as to be sensational. After that things went much better. All in all twelve stories were selected, and bound together in the magazine entitled "Fiction".

I do not think that "Fiction" will make any great stir in the world of experimental letters. Perhaps the best one can say for it is that, in the case of two or three contributors, it holds out promise for the Canadian short story in the future. However, even that is something; at least there is evidence here that there are young writers in Canada who have studied the short story with alert and intelligent interest.

Two of the stories are by experienced writers "Truce", by Dorothy Livesay, and "Geordie", by Mary Quayle Innis. "Truce" is a probing intimate description of the relationship of two lovers who have reached the emotional dead centre where in difference meets despair. "Geordie" is a story about a charwoman and her thieving little boy, a moving, sensitive and wholly honest piece of work. Both these writers have the capacity to feel and to write about their feelings with skill and effect. Most of the

other stories indicate immaturity, many of them are uneven and diffuse, a few are irritatingly mannered. The majority of the writers have so resolutely abandoned plot that their stories have been left without any inner structure to give them unity and coherence. The dot and dash system of notation is recklessly employed (Joyce Marshall, rather curiously, is the worst offender in this respect, though her "Come Ye Apart" is by all odds the best story in the magazine). The dialogue is sometimes weak, sometimes literary, frequently both. There is often too an over-reaching towards subtlety and ironic effect that terminates in vagueness.

In practice only, a writer's reach should go beyond his grasp. The finished work should convey at least the illusion that the artist has satisfied his own intention. This is only a roundabout way of saying that the young writers represented in "Fiction" need to work hard at their job, practising a good many hours a day. In nearly every case they are people of talent, imagination and feeling, writers who instinctively reject the familiar slickly-finished commercial pattern. And this is a fine thing as long as it doesn't blind them to the fact that writing is a craft and an arduous craft as well as an art.

In the meantime "Fiction" has justified the intention of its sponsors. It has made a thorough survey of the Canadian short story field. It has brought unmistakable talent to light. It has shown that an unsuspected willingness to experiment really exists among Canadian writers; and that while Canadian fiction has still a long way to go it has at any rate made a vigorous and intelligent beginning.

### THE HUMAN RACE

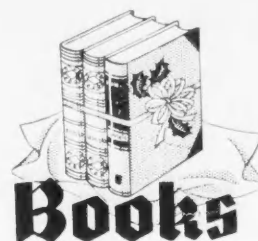
(Continued from Page 2)

have done such a fine journalistic job in putting their data into a form which makes it available to the layman with a moderate degree of scientific education that all anti-Fascists must whoop for joy. Here is their ideal handbook to refute racial superiority assertions.

Canadians can take an especial interest in the book because of a chapter on "Europe Overseas" which was written by A. M. Carr-Saunders, the Charles Booth Professor of Social Science at the University of Liverpool. Professor Carr-Saunders is particularly interested in some of the characteristics of French-Canadians. The whole trend of ethnological study, it may be mentioned, is that it is practically impossible to find in any country anything in the nature of a pure racial group such as the National Socialists claim exists in Germany. So far from sound science are the popular ideas about "race" that Huxley and Haddon have eliminated the word from their vocabulary, using instead the term "ethnic group." In the New World the effect of inter-marriage between persons of diversified ethnic backgrounds has been even more pronounced than in the Old, but Quebec presents an exception. "There is no parallel to this degree of localization anywhere else in the New World," Professor Carr-Saunders says.

"We Europeans" might have been slightly more useful for assignment in university reading courses had the authors refrained from tilting at the Aryan windmill so consistently. In fact it might even have been better counter-propaganda if they had stated the scientific facts of "race" and had not been so keen to apply them against the most obvious pseudo-scientific race mythology. But it would not have been nearly as good journalism as it is, and its journalistic qualities will undoubtedly give it a much wider field of usefulness than academic circles. As it is, the book is likely to deflate any theories of the racial superiority in English speaking countries before they have a chance to get properly under way on their road to becoming monsters. It is a book which is worth reading if only for the delight of coming upon the word "nostrility" in connection with the Jews.

This nostrility is discussed at considerable length and we learn with surprise that the genuinely Semitic nose is not the kind of nose we usually think it is. The kind of nose which has really important "nostrility" is something which the Jews—and only a small percentage of them, at that—picked up from association with Armenoid peoples.



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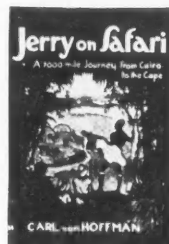
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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

## Portrait of An Author

BY JESSIE MCEWEN

"The Diary of Selma Lagerlof", translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Toronto, Doubleday, Doran, Illustrated. 249 pp. \$2.50.

SOME readers may have found the austerity of "Gosta Berling" too chilling for further reading of this great Swedish writer. They may have thought, after they had turned the last pages and closed the covers, that Selma Lagerlof, despite the crystal clearness of her writing, for it sparkles like frozen snowflakes with the sun on

them, kept herself too completely aloof from her tales and their people, for either to be warm with life. The readers who may have thought that could only be those who had their introduction to Selma Lagerlof in this one book; they could not have so much as lifted the covers of "Marbacka," for instance, for its magnificent buoyancy and gracious simplicity leads its readers from the first page to the last without hesitation, and with an eagerness that is equal to its gaiety and sagacity.

This diary is a prelude to "Marbacka" and is written somewhat in its vein, that is in its vein entirely apart from the subject. "Marbacka" is direct; its wistfulness is only fleeting; its groping for friendship reveals timidity and so it is in this diary. "Marbacka" is contemplative and almost complacent; this diary gives the promise of contemplation but there is no note of complacency in it. Some critics have called "Memories of My Childhood" a Selma Lagerlof primer and "Marbacka" a fully annotated Lagerlof reader. If this is so, then this diary is a Lagerlof pre-primer, not because in language it grades as that, but because it reveals the first conscious thoughts of the writer, Selma Lagerlof. In some respects this book should not stand apart, but should, instead, be written into the whole of the great autobiography, "Marbacka".

When one recalls the biographical details of this writer's life, her lameness and the cares that illness put upon her family, and remembers that at a very early age she resolved to be an author of repute, one marvels at the directness of her thought and expression. She does like to vision herself set apart and slightly above her fellow beings, but there is no attempt at subtle analysis of herself and her talents in this; instead, she is frank and grave and resolute as any young person would be who had set herself a course. Childish gravity brings her many times to the point of priggishness, but never quite over the border.

Perhaps the most valuable feature of this book as well as the most charming from the point of view of one who would know the individual Selma Lagerlof, is the picture it gives of her imagination being fired. It is not like a storm rising until it becomes a torrent; it is instead an indefinable something flickering or fluttering uncertainly, gradually becoming stronger and finally taking possession of her thoughts. The fire grows and grows, but with no loud crackling. It is complete but it is not consuming; in fact, it is not a fire at all, but cloth neatly and evenly woven. In this manner does Selma Lagerlof's imagination move quietly forward and upward until the full texture of a story, plot, incident and characters, has grown in her mind. The student of Upsala found her not an engaging little girl merely, but an interesting young person with whom to talk, and his approval coming especially when it did, after a severe reprimand from her brother, comforted her for months after; perhaps for her whole life. His pleasure in her intelligence and his interest in the person Selma Lagerlof, wove itself into all the pleasurable experiences she had in Stockholm.

The story of Prince Gustav, for whom there was no funeral cortege, had a fine romantic flavor, and she at once associated her student with it and a Prince Gustav mysteriously alive. The picture of Charles X at the deathbed of Axel Oxenstierna thrilled her by its beauty and splendor, and in her dreams the student became a part of it. Thoughts of the student did not consume her in flurrying excitement, for she was no romantic miss at fourteen, but she was not often without them, and when he ceased to be a being apart from all others for her, she had no childish anguish. Her restraint, supported by her resolution for her future, and the contemplative long view that is shown in all her writing, either fiction or autobiography, saved her from anything more poignant than a sad little smile. Even then she had the sagacity to be glad that her thoughts had been made more like a story by his



FANNIE HURST

presence in them, and, perhaps, even then she realized that his appreciation of her had helped her to defeat the timidity and fear that menaced her. At least, the incident gave genuine substance to the restraint that came into her writing. Without doubt it must have contributed to the detachment with which she has always been able to contemplate the people of her tale; she has never presented a person, herself or a character of fiction, through a haze of introspection and sombre analysis.

"The Diary of Selma Lagerlof" may be a Lagerlof pre-primer, but in its revelation of her individuality and her developed character, it is a full portrait and this despite the fact that it is no more than a vignette from whole life. It covers six months of her life, an important six months, to be sure, for it was the time of her first long sojourn in Stockholm and away from the accustomed security of Marbacka and her family.

## NEW YORK FAMILY

"Great Laughter," by Fannie Hurst. Toronto, Munson. 491 pages. \$2.50.

BY WILLIAM M. GIBSON

IN THIS latest novel, Miss Hurst has applied her competent eye and equally competent pen to a lavish and full-blooded description of a bourgeois New York family, dwelling in patriarchal style 'neath the old family roof, 'way downtown.

The Campbell and Neagle family is not, as a matter of fact, Jewish, although there is a suspicion, never satisfactorily proven or dispelled, of the tiniest drop of Semitic blood in the long, long ago. But the lavishness of the family's number, the luxuriance of its manner of life, the insistence that each and every one of the descendants shall dine weekly in the old family dining-room are all persistent reminders of similar scenes in G. B. Stern's "The Matriarch".

And, indeed, Anastasia Rakonitz and Miss Hurst's Linda Campbell have much in common. They, and they alone of their vast swarms of dependent descendants, had the power to keep the clan intact, to achieve a sense of harmony amongst people who had no other common ground of interest.

Linda Campbell believed in suppression; she gave, and gave generously, but the giving had to be strictly under her own direction. If her daughter, if one of her ten grandchildren, needed a home, well and good; they could come back to her at St. Luke's Place, be boarded and provided with exiguous monthly allowance . . . but they could not be given the where-withal to set up their own separate establishments. In turn, the children left the old house; in turn, they found themselves obliged to come back to it . . . all, that is, with the exception of Josie, who made her own

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adulterous bed and lay happily enough upon it.

The greater part of the action takes place in the 'twenties, and for that reason much that would today be deemed *clever jeu* must be forgiven. Those were the days of big money and bootleggers and five dollar tips to hat check girls, and I suppose we did occupy ourselves a great deal with sex at the time; but I still wonder if we evinced quite as much intense interest in obstetrics as Miss Hurst would have us believe. Time and again, we are made go through their pangs of travail with her characters, till we long for the good old days of asterisks to return!

"Great Laughter" is good reading, however; it's consistently interesting, unfailingly competent story telling, but it is *not* an important novel. "Luminos" continues to retain its position, as Miss Hurst's star of glory, and it will require a far, far better book than "Great Laughter" to displace it.

### KANTOR TELLS A STORY

"Arouse and Beware", by MacKinlay Kantor. Toronto. Longmans, Green. 327 pages. \$2.50.

BY W. S. MILNE

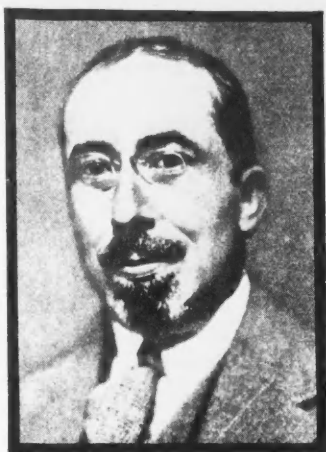
LIKE many more people, I was introduced to MacKinlay Kantor through "The Voice of Bugle Ann", which I had recommended to me, read at one sitting, re-read, and recommended in turn to all my friends I considered worthy. It was a story about dogs, and because it is hard for a dog-lover not to relish even a moderately well-told dog yarn, I reserved judgment concerning its author. Now, however, I have just finished "Arouse and Beware", sitting up till two in the morning over it, and can say, and do say, that I think MacKinlay Kantor a great story-teller. He has the first knack of all true tellers of tales; he writes a story that holds a reader, and makes him so identify himself with the characters that their struggle is his own struggle, and on the outcome of their striving hangs for the moment his own destiny. To do that requires characters believable and lovable, and an antagonist of no mean stature. Our psychological novelists, our stream-of-consciousness merchants, our tell-allers of the proletarian school; these may have extended the boundaries of their readers' experience, but they have not deepened the channel. Article one of my critical credo is this: a novel should tell a story. This, of course, is reactionary nonsense. So be it.

In the opinion of an unashamed traditionalist, then, "Arouse and Beware" is a great story. Barstow, a somewhat uncouth frontiersman; Clarke, younger, with less of body and more of mind, are fugitives, escaping from a Confederate prison camp near Richmond, and battling with the Virginia wilderness to reach the Union lines across the Rapidan. Aiding them in their struggle and escaping from her own in so doing, is the gallant Naomi. Their enemy is forest and mist and angry men and cold and hunger and stony ways and thorns and jealousy and desire.

Kantor develops this tale of three against the wilderness with a rich variety of incident and characterization. More than all that, he has a gift, hard to name, for which the word "elanor" is approximate only. The title is of Walt Whitman:

"As one carrying a symbol and menace far into the future,  
Crying with trumpet voice, *Arouse and beware! Beware and arouse!*"

This suggests a certain prophetic and Hebraic note behind the telling. That note is there, but it is implicit, never obtruded anywhere. When one finished "Gone With the Wind", good as it was, one hoped that it was definitely



FRANK SWINNERTON  
(Copyright by Nickolas Muray.)

the Civil War Novel to end Civil War Novels. Here is another, and the difference between them is very great. In case I have wrapped my meaning in too many words, I repeat, I consider "Arouse and Beware" a great novel, I consider MacKinlay Kantor a great writer, and I am going out to beg or borrow the three Kantor novels I have not yet read. The excellence of "The Voice of Bugle Ann" was no accident.

### LITERARY ENGLAND

(Continued from Page 1)

less of the old gentleman's eccentricities. It should be added that the chapter ends with a very fine and obviously sincere tribute to Hugh Dent, the son and successor of the founder, and to his wife.

This year of 1911 was the year of the first popular success of Joseph Conrad, with "Chance," whose sales exceeded 11,000 copies. On this Swinnerton makes the very just remark: "Gone was Conrad's poverty. Gone, therefore, was the distinction to be acquired from adorning him. His reputation—it is an old story began instantly to decline." Another example of the Swinnerton insight occurs in his criticism of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which he pointed out that Mr. Shaw had a habit of never listening to what anybody else said, and had therefore made a mistake in the famous phrase spoken by Eliza Doolittle. Nobody had ever used the expression "Not bloody likely" until Mr. Shaw invented it. Eliza would undoubtedly have used the accepted expression "No bloody fear." This criticism is unquestionably correct, but H. W. Massingham, editor of the *Nation*, hesitated to print "anything showing such familiarity with the language of the poor," and cut the point out.

Mr. Swinnerton's position as a novelist may be still in doubt, and he himself does not set it very high; but as a critic and as a raconteur he is among the best.

### THE WORLD TODAY

(Continued from Page 2)

or directing their conduct in international affairs; but my fellow-countrymen and I are bound together by constitutional obligations which are absolutely limitless, provided they be imposed upon us in accordance with the laws which we ourselves make."

There is a very penetrating analysis of the reason for the recent drift of feeling—one can hardly term it opinion—in England in favor of Germany, and Sir Edward is by no means blind to the defects of the French character. Nevertheless, he maintains that "the one Power in Europe to which we are bound by indissoluble links of common interest and ideals is France." He believes her to be fundamentally peaceful and fundamentally democratic. Even if compelled to adopt some more authoritarian régime than the present, the Frenchman will never go Communist or Nazi. The puzzling element in the situation is the Franco-Soviet Pact. That Pact was largely due to the military and naval weakness of Great Britain, and could be terminated "if our armaments are raised to a level which will counteract the immense increase of German strength." The limited liability which Sir Edward contemplates clearly does not include liability for the security of Russia.



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JOHN KEATS  
A Portrait by William Hilton.

Around John Keats

BY E. B. STURGIS

"Keats' Publisher," by Edmund Blunden, Toronto, Nelson, \$2.75.

"A Walk After John Keats," by Nelson S. Bushnell, Toronto, Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50.

"JUNKETS" has communicated some of his own native vigor to his scholarly lovers. "Keats' Publisher" and "A Walk After John Keats" reflect self-evidently the present interest in this poet, an interest that has included recently Raymond Knister's fictional biography "My Star Predominant" and an announcement of a forthcoming edition of the letters of Fanny Brawne.

In idm and manner they have, however, little else in common. Mr. Blunden, who dedicates his book to his own publisher, is concerned primarily with John Taylor, the nineteenth century publisher who sponsored Keats but whose list included also Cary's translation of Dante, Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," the work of the peasant poet John Clare which Mr. Blunden has already edited, the London Magazine in the days when it commanded its most brilliant set of contributors and, among other authors, Hazlitt, Landor, De Quincey and Elia.

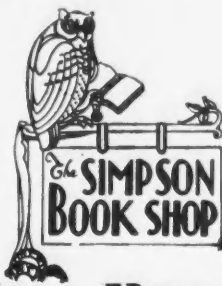
The firm of Taylor and Hessey opened business as a bookseller and maintained this line with such honor that in about 1827 Taylor was appointed Bookseller to the University of London. Issuing books followed hard on selling them, and one observes that contemporary publishing jargon was current then: "Endymion" begins to move at last, 6 copies have just been ordered by Shipkin & Marshall.

Taylor was himself author, later of pamphlets on subjects financial and economic, his first and most important work being to identify Junius with Sir Philip Francis. He played the part of critic too, and did not scruple to edit the work of his young poets; three of Keats' many interesting diata on poetry occur in letters to his publisher. Landor quarrelled furiously with him in their financial dealings and he seems to have held old-fashioned and possessive notions on the principle of copyright, which alienated a

number of his authors, including Charles Lamb. In later years, in a different partnership, when he devoted his energies to stolidly educational works, the glory although not the reputation seems to posterity to have departed, but ever memorable are his generous and vigorous action on behalf of Keats when the journey to Italy became inevitable, his constant vigilance over the affairs of Clare long after the man's poetic faculty was exhausted.

MR. BLUNDEN protests not at all. His style for the most part is narrative, barely sprinkled with comments, pointed occasionally with a dry irony. Yet the result of the book is to convey an unparalleled intimacy with the period, witness not only of the writer's general sympathy but also of a detailed familiarity with every character who crosses the scene, patron as well as publisher, friend as well as poet. Thus we see Hessey sending his violin to Clare, lending his great-coat to De Quincey, while all that is known of Isabella Jones, "at whose suggestion Keats took St. Agnes' Eve as a subject for a poem," may be found by reference to its index. Incidentally we find a penetrating sentence of the author's on the nature of poetry, and a foot-note that elucidates a passage in "King Lear" by reference to a comment on "his favorite White of Selborne" made by Hessey in a letter to Clare. The book is elegantly produced with eight admirably illustrative illustrations. Mr. Blunden's bibliographical investigations have for the first time revealed the true history of "those minute volumes of Carey" that accompanied Keats on the walking tour which is Mr. Bushnell's concern.

The latter set out to follow Keats and Brown step by step on their 650 mile walk through the Lake District of Scotland, and this he triumphantly succeeded in doing. Specific traces of the four in Keats' poetry have already been noticed, but Mr. Bushnell has certainly established his right to authority in matters of juxtaposition and topography. There is a minor inaccuracy in a quotation on page 53, and one wonders on what authority Gifford of the Quarterly, Jeffrey of the Edin-



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Simpson's—Street Floor



burgh, Johns Wilson and Lockhart of Blackwood's, are described as "smiling-fanged".

The liveliest source of interest is, however, to watch the anomaly of the solitary American in this countryside, acknowledging that "the English have made a fine art of privacy" yet alight with unacknowledged relief when a companion brings him some part of the way; thankfully devouring from time to time a large dish of ice-cream (once in an "American tea-room"); exulting—o tempora, o mores!—as "daily I gain more and more time on my guides"; reposing for the evening in his family hotel while "over the open sash of my westward window hang for ailing two enormous hand-knit socks of wool". At least this traveller inspires considerably more fellow-feeling than does Sterne in describing his sentimental journey, and the descriptions of scenery are enlivened with some sly touches of humor as in the encounter with "a fat old wire-haired dog, who keeps staring at me, trying to make me out with the dumb unworried persistence of an old school friend".

### MARGERY KEMPE'S WORLD

"The Book of Margery Kempe". A Modern version by W. Butler-Bowdon. Toronto, Nelson, \$3.00.

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

THIS is a publication significant only to those academically interested in English history and the history of English literature. It is the first extant prose narrative in English. A small section of it was preserved at Cambridge and only recently was the whole composition identified in a work found in the library of Lieutenant Colonel W. Butler-Bowdon.

Margery Kempe dictated her book around the year 1456 in English. It was a time when English was a vernacular not used by cultivated people for the expression of thought.

Margery Kempe was a lady who did not relish matrimony. She had the attention of the Lord and His saints. Consequently she felt she had authority to take trips to tell the Bishops they were not doing their best by religion, and the Bishops, wise before their time, told her to put it all down in a book. They thought that would keep her busy. So she tells in the book why she did not relish matrimony and how she cried about nearly everything. She also discloses a definite lust for travel which we know now to be one of the symptoms of neurasthenia. This, however, she camouflaged to herself by putting it down as an enthusiasm for visiting shrines and prelates. She tells all concerning her mystical conversations and in between she tells a lot about the life in England and in Europe and the Holy Land in the early fifteenth century. In her own time she was a decided nuisance. She was a fifteenth century Carrie Nation whose interest lay in bothering the prelates about their lax ways. In our time she turns out to be a valuable commentator. Her comments are not so exciting as the comments of Pepys in his time, but they are in their way just as revealing. Not only is the feeling of the time caught in the narration but the character of the mind expressing itself in the narrative. Reform in Lancastrian England had a religious motif. Religion colored thought. So we have this restless woman, temperamentally given to nagging, putting her observations into mystical communications with her Lord and at the same time getting set down a very adequate picture of herself and her times so that her book survives as a record of history as well as of neurasthenia, and,

if we care to take it as such, of spiritual meditations.

Margery Kempe, however, was no Saint Joan. Her case is not baffling as was the case of the very young French girl receiving mystical instructions altogether foreign to her interests and her nature and fulfilling them under protest. Margery was a mature woman when she began to have voices and visions. She was what in our time would be called an enterprising woman. She started a business or two and failed. She was married and bored with it. She was all set to make a career for herself somehow. Heaven came to her aid. And an astute prelate came further to her aid when he suggested she make it literary.

### MORLEY MISCELLANY

"Streamlines", by Christopher Morley. Toronto, Doubleday, Doran, 290 pages, with several illustrations, \$3.00.

BY LADY WILLISON

AS everyone knows, Mr. Morley writes agreeable essays each week for The Saturday Review of Literature on this and that phase of passing life. When a certain number of months has gone by, a year maybe, the essayist turns to his file persuaded that by this time he will find a full-sized book. Here it is and it is called "Streamlines", since one of the essays bears that title; besides this, Mr. Morley has been enjoying travel by modern motor cars, airplanes and locomotives. He has been saying to himself, as it were, "Yes, modern life is streamlined." A good title for a book.

Christopher Morley was for a time a columnist on the New York Evening Post. A constant flow of production has become second nature. It seems plain that a columnist must depend on personality in his work,—although the reviewer has reached that time when one hesitates to try to explain anything. Christopher Morley's personality illuminates all these interesting trifles which one finds spread enticingly on the pages of a handsome book. He is, as all the world knows, a novelist, a critic, a man of letters, a book lover, a philosopher and a journalist, for a journalist and a columnist are not quite the same thing. His book is light, agreeable, graceful, almost beguiling. Few American writers can have won as much affectionate regard as Christopher Morley. Perhaps some of his admirers still hanker for a work of fiction like one of his early novels, "Parnassus on Wheels," or "The Haunted Bookshop", but a streamlined world has hardly leisure sufficient to produce a gentle comedy of manners.

The subjects chosen for the essays vary from Christmas Cards to Sherlock Holmes, from Eumenides of Book Collecting to Mandarin and Mathematics. In this volume as always Christopher Morley excels in literary criticism. The essays which stand first in the estimation of the reader are likely to be "Tristram Shandy"; "O. Henry"; "Hunting Mark's Reminders"; "Some Thin Paper", which is a brief moving note on Keats; "The Distinguished Thing"; Henry James and perhaps most worth while of all, "Notes on Walt".

There must be space for at least one small quotation. "I myself am likely a bit haywire at that moment, maybe it's the day when the Book of the Month Committee meets, but I catch G.'s eye and we both burst out laughing. 'Well, Gittel, life gets a bit complicated,' I remark, and she replies, 'Yes, but we have fun.' The world of books and magazines may be small potatoes in turnover, but it is enormous in comedy."

### CHILDREN'S BOOKS RECEIVED

"Story Parade". A Collection of Modern Stories for Boys and Girls. Toronto, John C. Winston, \$1.50. Stories, poems, and articles by such authors as Walter de la Mare, Elizabeth Coudworth, Ernest Thompson Seton, Charles J. Finger.

"Umi", by Robert Lee Eskridge. Toronto, John C. Winston, \$2. The legend of Umi, the boy who became King of Hawaii. With 30 illustrations.

"The Story Book of Foods From the Field", by Maud and Miska Peterham. Toronto, John C. Winston, \$2.50. The romantic legends and true stories of four products of the field—Wheat, Corn, Rice and Sugar. Illustrated in color.

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# Books for Children

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

THE quality which is most noticeable in the literature of the year for children is the sturdy development of the heroic aspect of life. Our adult literature seems in its general trend, in so far as one may trace a graph in the tremendous output of books, to become more and more disillusioned, and the mind of the world sets down its despair in bitter novels and unhappy non-fiction. There is the odd book which pulls in another current trying to believe, or to make believe that life is a good experience, but on the whole adult literature is sombre. The books for children run the other way and increasingly so. Our children are given records of great lives which stress their greatness and not their incidental weaknesses. They are given books about the breath-taking story of the conquest of space and the development of modern industry. These books feature the wonderful miracle of discovery for its own sake, and leave out of the picture entirely the uncomfortable fact well known to adults that every discovery throws industrial metabolism out of gear at least for a time. This, of course, is exactly as it should be. The child, we all realize, must not be disturbed, and certainly not shocked too early by the underside of every story. Children's literature, which has grown and developed amazingly in these last years, presents a world of fun and adventure and fortitude. It goes back to history. It strikes out into travel. It opens up the familiar yet aloof world of the domestic animals and it ventures into the exotic life of the wild animal. It makes a complete romance out of learning. Lessons are made easier by the painting of facts with the imagination and above everything else it stimulates the young tendency to wonder at the scientific glory of our day. So it is a literature full of surprises to the adult who comes to it for the sake of a child and after wearily pondering the sorrows of adult literature. From this standpoint we pay a particular compliment to our Canadian author, Jessie McEwen, who has just published a little volume called "Short Stories of Great Lives" (Nelson, \$1). It is divided into two sections, "Old World Stories" and "New World Stories." In the first we are introduced to saints and heroes and in the second section we meet the great people of the new world beginning

with the French explorers and coming on down to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is a book written primarily for Canadian children and contains sixty-four illustrations. It is written simply and accurately and at the same time with an appeal to the imagination. Another outstanding book in the list is "The Wonder Book of the Air," by C. B. Allen and Lauren D. Lyman (Winston, \$2.50.) This is a beautiful production on all counts. It supplies the young modern with all he or she wants to know and needs to know when becoming air minded. It gives the background of the conquest of the air and brings them up to date mechanically. The pictures alone are worth the price of the book.

WHEN the littlest children want to be read to, or to begin to spell out small stories by themselves with the help of pictures, there are these books for them. Rose Fyleman has a volume called "Monkeys" (Nelson, 75 cents.) This includes all monkeys, those living naturally and those in cages and is full of engaging yarns. From "Monkeys" pass on to a little nigger boy in "Little Jeemes Henry," by Ellis Creddie (Nelson, \$1.50). This has drawings that will delight a youngster. And thinking of niggers we obviously think of chickens and find "The Hepzibah Omnibus" (Nelson, \$1.75), by Olwen Bowen. Hepzibah is a hen with troubles of her own and she is introduced no less by Clemence Dane. Then all the other creatures make their play for attention from the little tots. The "Little Grey Rabbit's Party" is most enticing. It is by Alison Uttley and Margaret Tempest (Collins, 85 cents.) The squirrels begin to say their say in "Squirrel War," by Helen Williams (Hamish Hamilton, 50 cents) and the dogs start to wag their tails ingratiatingly. There are dogs and dogs, a Scottie in "Tammie and That Puppy," by Dorothy and Marguerite Bryan (Dodd Mead, \$1.) "Dog Days," by Florence Trullinger and Doris Day (Oxford University Press, \$1.50), has photographs from life so good that they will make the children long for their own dogs. "Peggy and Paul and Laddy," by Mary Jane Carr (Oxford University Press, \$1.75), is a connected story which will tell the children how a dog likes to be treated and how he loves his boy and girl friends, for Laddy is an enterprising



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "LITTLE JEEMES HENRY". (Nelson.)

**SINGING SANDS**by *Grace Mann*

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AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "TALES OF GRIMM". (Longmans, Green.)

by Harper Cory (Nelson, 75 cents), tells all about the very nicest animals and prepares the children for a visit to the zoo.

"LITTLE LASS," by Mary Garland Bullivant (Copp Clark, \$2.50), is the life story of a pony of Exmoor in England. The pony throughout her biography is a dear person.

"THE ANIMAL'S WORLD," by Doris Mackinnon (Oxford University Press, \$2.25), is full of exciting information about animal habits. "A Parade of Ancient Animals," by Harold Whitnall (Oxford University Press, \$2), tells the sad story of the animals mankind has pushed off the globe. Then, very appropriate to Christmas, is a story called "The Magic Pudding," by Norman Lindsay (Oxford University Press, \$1.50), in which a sailor, a bear and a penguin decide what to do with the pudding they fall heir to jointly. Speaking of sailors, there was a boy who wanted to go to sea. Learn all about him in "Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain," by Edward Ardizzone (Oxford University Press, \$2). But most little boys have to stay at home and one of them had to amuse his little sister. So he drew pictures of animals for her in "The Bratches," by Edith Holden Cooke (Oxford University Press, 75 cents.) And probably he read aloud to her about Miss Carlotta, a little lady of Toronto, who can be seen in pictures in "Miss Carlotta," by Lionel Reid, of Toronto, and R. Denison, who is really Dick Taylor, formerly of Toronto (Oxford University Press, \$1.25), a small gem of a book. Maybe he also read fairy tales to her from "Tales from Grimm," translated by Wanda Gag (Longmans, Green, \$1.50). There are some stories in it neither of them are likely to have heard before. After the fairies come the Saints and there are ten of them in "Ten Saints," by Eleanor Farjeon (Oxford University Press, \$2.50.) The little brother might not exactly want his sister to become a saint, but lest she become something else when she grows up he reads her "The Maltese Cat," by Rudyard Kipling (Macmillan, \$2.50). And just to show there is no hard feeling on account of this suggestion, he tops off with "Sambo and the Twins," by Helen Bannerman (Stokes, \$1.25.) This makes them equals again and they fall to considering what time to get up on Christmas morning. "Sun Before Seven," by Ian Dull, reminds them of the time. It has a lovely foreword by Walter de la Mare and is published by Nelsons and costs \$2.75. "Dick and the Spice Cupboard," by Lucille Saunders McDonald (Oxford University Press, \$1.75), re-

minds them of a big day to be enjoyed with a zest for the good things.

THE children, alas, get on in years and it becomes more of a problem to find the right book for them. They have marked individual tastes of their own, decided interests and sharp opinions about everything. They examine the binding and the illustrations carefully and they are sometimes quite critical about the texts. What they want more than anything else is not to be talked down to or written down to. It is much safer, we are assured by our young friends, to give them books that are nearly grown up books than to insult them with baby stuff.

Fortunately there are quite a number of books to buy for the ten-year-olds and for the very mature middle teenage children.

They still like to read about animals, but they want a decent story with the menagerie. You can get this in "Boris, the Grandson of Baldy," by Esther Birdsall Darling (Copp Clark, \$2.50) and in "The Long Whip," by Jane Brevoort Walden and Stuart D. L. Paine (Thomas Allen, \$2.75.) Both of these are about heroic big dogs who go on adventures with their men. "A Dog at His Heel," by Charles Finger (Winston, \$2) is about a dog in Australia. It tells about the country as well as about the dog and that is so much to the good and all adds up in a collection of knowledge. Dogs, however, are not the whole story any more even when they are big brutes. A boy likes to know about every other animal and it is in "Wild Life Ways," by Harper Cory (Oxford University Press, \$1.25.) This has the advantage of being Canadian. From animals it is a short step to really thrilling adventure in "The River of Skulls," by George Marsh (Copp Clark, \$2.25.) This was written to make a boy feel like a man and ready for anything. So is "Talking Drums," by Waldo Fleming (Doubleday Doran, \$2.) The boy reader will be wild with excitement as the drums beat in the jungles of Africa.

"North Land Footprints," by Kenneth Conibear (Macmillan, \$2.50), makes a boy feel like a man also. A man, however, must have a lot of information as well as muscle, and in history there are a few points. "Know Ye Not Agincourt?" by Leslie Barringer (Nelson, \$1) is history told in fiction with a boy as hero. In "Young Adventures," by Kitty Barne (Nelson, \$1), the history is about Sebastian Cabot when he was twelve years old, and what a boy! From history it is only one jump to geography. "Westward from Rio," by Heath Bowman and Stirling Dickinson (Thomas Allen, \$3.50), makes an adventure of a trip across a continent and does not miss any of the important local points. Not forgetting that Canada is quite a place, there is "A Treasure Ship of Old Quebec," by Ethel Hume Bennett (Macmillan, \$2), and back in England there was a boy who just happened to be the only boy in the town. He is the hero of "The Crooked Steeple of Dipstitch," by S. M. Williams (Nelson, \$1.50.) Poor little sister has to be very literary-minded to hold her own. She reads from translations, no less, and everyone knows how distinguished that is. "Monica Goes to Madagascars," wire-haired terrier. "Lovable Beasts,"

by Max Mezger, translated by Maida C. Darnton, is one book that satisfies her for culture and adventure. "Susannah," by our own Canadian, Muriel Dennison (Dodd Mead, \$2), is a book that every little Canadian girl ought to have this Christmas because they say that Shirley Temple wants it for a picture. Little sister thinks that some kids have all the fun, especially when they live in big families as they do in "Six in a Family," by Eleanor Graham (Nelson, \$1.) A big family finds many ways to put in the time in "What Can We Do Now?" by Rodney Bennett (Nelson, \$1.) There are guessing contests and party tricks and how to make things. If any of the children want to do art work there is "Drawing on Scraper Board for Beginners," by William Kernode (Mussion, \$1.25.)

There is also a book of pictures printed from linoleum blocks, "Christmas and Other Feasts and Festivals," (Continued on Next Page)

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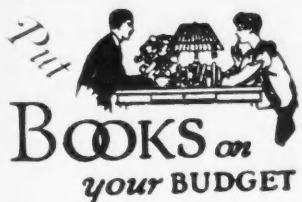
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**CHILDREN'S BOOKS**

(Continued from Page 13)

by Claude Flight and Edith Lawrence (Mussion, \$1.75.) This is a valuable addition to any child's library.

THE youngster who is adolescent and emerging from adolescence very often finds pleasure in playing with words and phrases. The urge for self-expression has come and also the emotion of curiosity. The world within and the world without begin to be linked, and the literature for this age becomes artistic, informative and inspirational. "Jade Brines Luck," by Marion Gilbert (Longmans, Green, \$1.50), is a connected story of the lake dwellers in Switzerland in the polished stone age. "Singing Sands," by Grace Moon (Doubleday, Doran, \$2), is a full-length story of the Pueblo Indians. There are two treasure books by John Crossland and J. M. Parrish (Collins, \$1.25 each) called "The Treasury of Many Wonders" and "The Treasury of Modern Marvels." These books are excellent. They go into music, the

weather, our bodies, literature and science. They are as up-to-date as television. To stimulate the taste for the story and to present its technique beautifully there is "Three Golden Apples," by R. S. Boggs and McG. Davis (Longmans, Green, \$2). It is translated from the Spanish and gives the lovely folk tales of Spain in simple, austere language and with a fine sense of story value. If, beside this, you also buy for the children "The New Winston Simplified Dictionary for Young People" (Winston, \$1.75), you will be encouraging youth to preserve for the next generation the richness of language, and be calling attention to a very much neglected fact—that a vocabulary and a feeling for the phrasing of language is one of the first essentials of a feeling of adequacy for life. No child who can speak well will ever get an inferiority complex. In the campaign against the insidious inferiority bogey, sports and hobbies are excellent allies. For this there is "The Happy Fisherman," by Stephen Gwynn, who is a famous man of letters in Ireland (Copp Clark, \$3.75.) His book should be reserved for the boy who is nearly a man and likes style in writing as well as man things in sport. There is another book on fishing, "Just Fishing Talk" (Thomas Allen, \$3), by Gifford Pinchot, who was twice governor of Pennsylvania. These two books make it an aristocratic sport. Lord Kennet, under the name E. Hilton Young, has written a book about bird lore. It is called "A Bird in the Bush" (Copp Clark, \$3.75).

BESIDES these individual publications there are the old reliable annuals which between two covers give story variety and a variety of information. For the little children there is a tiny annual called "Little Dots" (Upper Canada Tract Society, 90 cents.) For the slightly older children there are the two annuals called "The School Girl's Annual" and "The School Boy's Annual" (Upper Canada Tract Society, \$1.25 each.) For the adolescents there are "The Girl's Own Annual" and "The Boy's Own Annual" (Upper Canada Tract Society, \$3.) These are old reliables about which there is only one cautionary remark to be made for the sake of the very young feminists. Young literature shows a marked tendency to lessen the former difference between the mind of the girl child and the mind of the boy. Your modern little girl you will probably find just as much interested, for example, in the book mentioned particularly in the first of this article, "The Wonder Book of the Air," because she knows about Amelia Earhart and Mrs. Lindbergh and Amy Johnson Mollison. To give any child this book is to insist upon its mind belonging to its own age, and, incidentally, you can have a good time getting up to date and air minded yourself.

**CHESTERTON NOT DEAD**

(Continued from Page 3)

never overloaded with details, and dates—those wretched Interrupters of Delights and Separators of Companions—are never allowed to intrude and fog the atmosphere. A boy's growth from infancy to manhood is not conveyed in inches but in the development of that boy's thought, and the book is full of the boy's and the man's friends on the reasonable assumption that friends are an integral part of any life.

The early photographs of Gilbert Keith show a child of quite extraordinary beauty who developed into a handsome schoolboy at St. Paul's, and a very plain youth at the Slade where several years' study failed to turn the young man into an artist. Journalism and politics diverted his course into Fleet street and from then on Chesterton the man was also Chesterton the Journalist. Then the author emerged, first with a book of poems, and from then on the course was set.

Like all Chesterton's books, his "Life" is full of jokes, and good jokes. These have little to do with what is often regarded as his over-cleverness with words. To twist a phrase to a contrary meaning, to upset a parallel, to create a paradox is as natural to G. K. C. as is twiddling the thumbs to lesser minds, but these have little to do with his essential humor. Chesterton not only had wit, he had that far more precious gift, a high sense of

fun. It is just as conspicuous in his so-called serious books, among which one supposes his life must be listed, as in the frivolities he wrote too often and so well.

His friends were legion and his enemies not numerically inconsiderable. Shaw he admired and deplored and argued with on every possible and many impossible occasions. Wells he had a natural antipathy for, which never descended to the bitterness of even a mild dislike. E. C. Bentley, Masterman, and Oldershaw were school fellows and lasting joys to him. But Belloc was a natural affinity. All these move intimately through the pages of the autobiography and there are memorable glimpses of a host of the most important men in England from 1880 to 1935. "Old Asquith" for instance, always ready for flippancy, cautious as a cat or a Front-Bench politician on any subject of importance. . . . "Once, when he appeared in Court dress, on some supremely important occasion, an uncontrollable impulse of impertinence led me to ask whether the court sword would really come out of its sheath. 'Oh yes,' he said, shaking a shaggy frowning head at me, 'do not provoke me.'" Swinburne, Meredith, Barrie, Henry James, George Wyndham, Max Beerbolm, Edmund Gosse, Arthur Balfour, Cardinal Manning—here are revealing pictures of them all and many more.

TO THINK of Chesterton without his religious convictions is as impossible as to consider Mussolini without his jaw. Both are essential to the color of the man. That the germ of the ardent Catholicism which he subsequently embraced was in the child brought up in a happy but almost agnostic home G. K. C. would have us believe implicitly. Among the cranks, spiritualists, puritans, modernists, yes and the teetotalers and vegetarians of the late nineties it seems natural enough for a thoughtful man to have sought a stable religious faith. How that faith gradually appeared to await him in the Church of Rome, to which his wife and brother were also converted, is part of the warp of the story of this life. Of his magnificent championing of his adopted faith we hear little. Even the word "Christendom" I can find, alas, only once or twice in these 343 pages, an omission that might almost cause a reviewer less credulous to suspect this volume has no place in real Chestertoniana.

This is, in fact, not all Chesterton, but it is the living, lively, swashbuckling, utterly delightful and beloved Chesterton who will never die, being, in his essence, through his gargantuan production of daily and weekly articles, lectures and controversies, and finally his books, indeed "woven into the stuff of other men's lives." But we wish he had not misquoted Edward Lear on page 115. It was the Pelican chorus, not Mr. Discobolus who "Think so then and thought so still."

**LORD PALMERSTON**

(Continued from Page 1)

terests), or who became the first successful practitioner of that supreme art of the modern politician, the art of keeping on good terms with the press. All these aspects of Palmerston's career are more satisfactorily dealt with by Professor Bell than by Mr. Guedalla.

THE learned historical reviews may be left to discuss the new light which Professor Bell throws on special aspects of Palmerston's policy or the particular interpretation which he gives of certain events. Here one may note two features which seem to stand out in this very scholarly study. One is that it carries further the demolition of what is left of the political reputation of Queen Victoria. We have had a good many books of late which have dealt with the latter half of the queen's reign and which have accumulated a mass of evidence showing what a thorough and bitter partisan she was and to what improper lengths she was willing to stretch her powers in order to thwart those advisers of whose policy she disapproved. Everyone knows that her feelings towards Palmerston during the first part of her reign were as hostile as her feelings towards Gladstone during the last part. This work tells with an unsparing realism (and without any attempt to gloss over Palmerston's own faults) the full

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"Mr. Bumps knew this was no ordinary monkey." An illustration from "Story Parade". (John C. Winston.)

story of her persistent fight from the thirties to the sixties to impose her own foreign policy in place of that of the minister who had the majority of the House of Commons behind him.

The other impression which stands out after reading this work is that of the continuity in the issues of European international politics. People who think that we are facing new issues because we hear so much of two new things called communism and fascism would do well to dip into Professor Bell's pages almost anywhere and read a few consecutive chapters about the problems with which Palmerston had to deal. Turn for example to his account of Palmerston's early years in the Foreign Office and read about the first *entente cordiale* with France, about the confused struggle among reactionary autocracies, constitutional governments and revolutionary popular movements, about "that nightmare of the time, a general 'war of opinion' which troubled statesmen everywhere". I have room to give only one extended quotation: "The situation in the Peninsula seemed almost to have been made for Palmerston. Even he rarely found an opportunity to be at once so good a patriot and so stout a liberal. Here was a part of Europe where liberalism, trembling in the balance, might triumph with a little aid; and where

British influence, recently in decline, might thereby be restored. And a broader vista opened. The triumph of the reactionary governments in Germany and Italy, where their armies would always make outside patronage of liberalism futile, might be counterbalanced by the success of the liberal governments of England and France in this region, where naval power could easily be the determining element". The paragraph from which these sentences are taken deals not with the Spain of 1830, but with the Spain of 1839. It seems to me that marked copies of this most recent biography of Palmerston might usefully be distributed to members of the Baldwin cabinet.

### THE BEST OF ROBERTS

(Continued from Page 3)

Charles shares the primacy as a love lyricist among our writers. Some of these lyrics literally cry out for a musical setting. "Grey Rocks and Greysen Sea" has, I know, received its adequate rendering. I wish that Handel, who made such marvellous music for Pope's mellifluous pastoral, were alive again to match his genius with these beautiful lines of Roberts:

Dawn like a lily lies upon the land,  
Since I have known the whiteness of  
your hand.  
Dusk is more soft and more mysterious  
where  
Breathes on my eyes the perfume of  
your hair.  
Waves at your coming break in live,  
lier blue;  
And solemn woods are glad because  
of you.  
Brooks of your laughter learn their  
liquid notes,  
Birds to your voice attune their plead-  
ing throats,  
Fields to your feet grow smoother  
and more green,  
And happy blossoms tell where you  
have been.

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